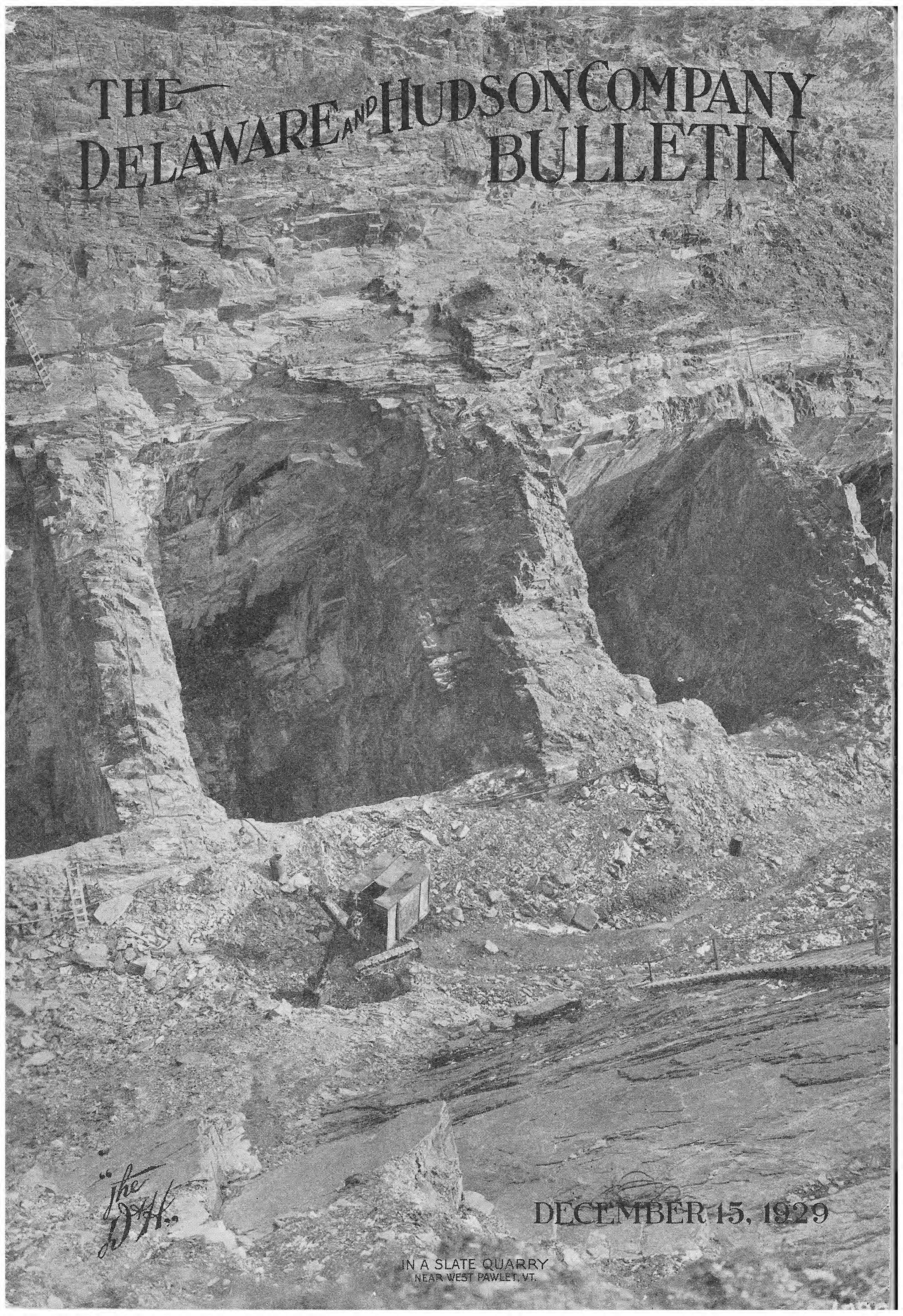


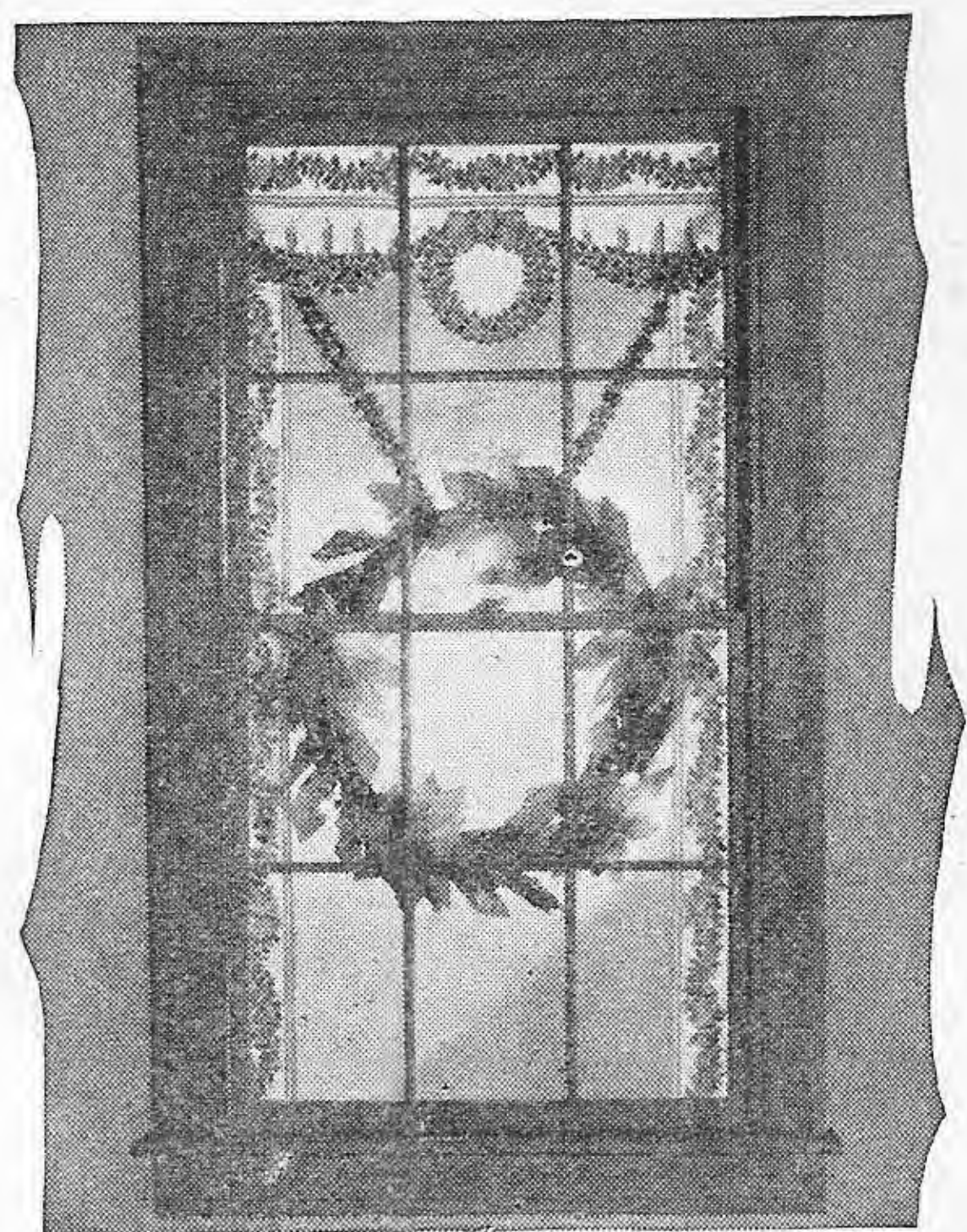
THE DELAWARE^{AND} HUDSON COMPANY BULLETIN



The D.H.

DECEMBER 15, 1929

IN A SLATE QUARRY
NEAR WEST PAWLET, VT.



Keeping Christmas



HERE is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas. : : : : :

— HENRY VAN DYKE.

"The D.H."

The
DELAWARE AND HUDSON COMPANY
BULLETIN

"The D.H."

Vol. 9

Albany, N. Y., December 15, 1929

No. 24

Yardmaster For Fifty Years

Veteran Shiffer Completed Sixty Years' Service at Mill Creek Before His Retirement

TIME is a puzzling thing. Scientists tell us that the world is millions, perhaps billions of years old—so old in fact that one million years one way or the other means nothing at all. Yet there are times when an hour, or even a minute, seems endless.

As far as the average person is concerned, however, if he attains the age of seventy, he is generally conceded to have enjoyed a well rounded-out life. Many do not attain that age; many live some years longer. Among the latter group we find a man who was continuously employed by our company for sixty years, prior to December 1, 1928, when he was retired. Only one man, who is still on the active list of Delaware and Hudson employees, DAVID ROBBINS, with sixty-four years of service to his credit, was employed on the Pennsylvania Division when MILOT SHIFFER, pensioned Yardmaster, entered the employ of our company on December 1, 1868.

MR. SHIFFER was born at Tunkhannock, Penna., October 21, 1853. When the lad was three years of age his family moved to Luzerne County, in the vicinity of Hudson, where he has lived for the remainder of his life. He went to school in Plains Township, although his schooling was cut

short by his belief that an education was not necessary. The pupils were taught in a one-room school by one teacher. The teacher had considerable difficulty in keeping her charges interested in the three R's in those days. Every chance

they had one or two of them would "play hooky" from school, returning only when fear of the whistling birch rod made it necessary.

When sixteen years of age MILOT secured his first position with our company as a mule driver at Pine Ridge while they were sinking the shaft at that place. Shortly afterward he went to Mill Creek slope where he worked until 1871. The old Mill Creek slope was located just at the foot of the hill upon which his present home is located. Here, too, he ran cars over the scales where their loads of black diamonds were weighed. Employment was plentiful in that day. One could get a job for the asking and consequently

most of the young men did quite a bit of wandering about before finally settling down to one position or line of work steadily.

In May, 1871, MR. SHIFFER became a brakeman in the yard at Mill Creek, since known as Hudson. The yard was small, there were only two or



MILOT SHIFFER

three tracks when he first began, yet with the two different gauges of track, broad and narrow, a yard brakeman had his hands full at all times keeping the cars moving and on the rails. After two years as a brakeman, Mr. SHIFFER was promoted to the rank of Conductor. On December 15, 1882, he was promoted to yardmaster at Mill Creek in which capacity he served for the remainder of his sixty years of service. He adds, with pride, "In all my life I never earned a dollar with any other company or for anyone but The Delaware and Hudson Company except a few times when I was on jury duty."

Among the proud possessions of Mr. SHIFFER there is a letter from SUPERINTENDENT C. A. MORGAN complimenting him on his meritorious

action on June 16, 1911. A severe storm had swept down the valley and Mr. SHIFFER had grave fears for the safe condition of the track. He took an engine from Hudson, going as far as Yatesville, inspecting the track as he went. Just south of Laflin he came upon a piece of track number 3 which had been washed out. He immediately flagged extra 1023, thereby preventing what would undoubtedly have been a derailment.

Mr. SHIFFER is married and has five children, all girls. He is a member of The Delaware and Hudson Veterans Association, and has been ever since it was organized. In all of that time, however, he has missed only one trip of the association and then he was away from home. He is also a member of the Plains Methodist Church.

The Origin of Some Christmas Customs

FROM the early Chaucerian English do we owe our word Christmas, originally, "Christes Messe," or "Christ's Mass," a religious ceremony, celebrating the birth of Christ.

By the fifth century the acceptance of Christianity and the celebration of Christmas was general.

The fact that Christmas is celebrated on December 25 has not so much to do with the birth of Christ as one would first suppose, since nowhere does history record the exact date of His birth. Christmas is a movable celebration in many countries, the Dutch watching for Saint Nicholas on the eve of December 6. But in the days of the pagans December 25 was the time of the great festivals greeting the beginning of winter solstice. As Christianity grew apace this celebration became a merging of old customs with Christian symbols, until it became a generally accepted belief that Christ was born "at the hour of midnight on Christmas Eve."

Do you know why Santa Claus is supposed to come down the chimney at Christmas time, instead of making a more dignified entrance, through the window, for instance? This myth developed from the early English custom of sweeping down the chimneys at New Year's, so good luck might enter in. Santa Claus, with a bagful of toys, would surely be good luck for any little boy or girl.

In Germany the patron saint of little children is the Christkindlein, from which we get the jolly name of Kriss Kringle. But to the Dutch we owe our thrilling custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking. To us the early Dutch settlers brought

the habit of placing before the fireplace all the wooden shoes in the family, to be filled, by the good San Nicholaas, as he rode around the world seeking good little boys and girls. Young America soon improved upon the shoe idea by substituting the stocking. Shoes won't stretch, you know! Likewise from Germany came the custom of decorating a fir tree with candles and with gifts. When the Germans occupied Paris in the memorable winter of 1870 they celebrated Christmas with their glowing trees, which so impressed the light-loving French, they likewise adopted this custom, improving upon it to the extent of planting the entire tree, roots and all, in a tub.

Burning the Yule log at Christmas is a survival of that ancient winter celebration on December 25 when great logs were burned in the open, in honor of the god Juul. In feudal times the burning of the Yule log was accompanied by the singing of Yuletide songs, and was one of the most joyous of festivities.

The practice of placing a great community Christmas tree in our parks, decorating it with colored lights and a great star, while crowds gather about and sing Christmas carols, is taken from the street festivals of Italy and Spain.

Giving gifts to the poor at Christmas originated with the folk-tale that among the beggars who come to the doors at Christmas time is the Christ Child in disguise, and whatsoever of hospitality is given to the poor, at this time, is in reality hospitality to Christ. (From The Carnegie Steel Co. Safety Calendar.)

The Sheltering Stone

Tremendous Size of Quarries Along Our Lines and the Picturesque Nature of the Industry Which Supplies Slate for Nation-wide Use Not Generally Realized

HOW many of our readers feel sure that they can name the four chief commodities carried over the lines of The Delaware and Hudson Company on the basis of tonnage handled? Of course coal might well be expected to lead all the rest but is it not surprising that iron-ore, molding sand and slate are ranked next in the order named?

When it is realized that the Vermont slate producing region is one of only five or six in the country, its importance may perhaps be better understood. With the exception of the product of the Vermont quarries nearly all the slate produced in the country is black in color. This region, however, abounds in a great variety of blues, grays, greens, blacks, purples, and reds, providing a selection to suit every individual requirement. The only red slate deposits of commercial importance in the world are located over the Vermont boundary line in New York State.

It was apparently by accident that the existence of slate was discovered in the year 1852 in the so-called Vermont slate region which, in reality, extends on both sides of the New York-Vermont line and centers about Granville, N. Y., and includes operations in West Pawlet, Poultney, Raceville, Castleton, Middle Granville, Fair Haven and Hydeville. Immediately afterward a number of quarrying operations were started, most of which were successful and by 1858 there were marbleizing and slate manufacturing plants "turning out fine specimens of art in the way of mantles, pedestals and coffins."

"One would not, probably, be very far out of the way in the remark that the great mass of the reading public entertains no very exact notions in regard to the slate industry of this country. Or still further, how few are they who are in possession of thorough information as to the general features of our deposits of slate rock, the



General View of a Slate Quarry

methods of quarrying, manufacture, and shipments?" The above quotation from the columns of *Manufacturer and Builder* of March, 1869 is, perhaps, just as true some sixty-odd years later.

Because of the durability of slate and the ease with which it may be split into layers as little as one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, one of its principle uses is as a roof covering. During the eighth century such use was made of slate in the construction of a Saxon chapel in Wiltshire, England and after 1100 years of exposure to the elements the original roof is said to be in good condition today.

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that the use of slate seems to have become general, little being written of the growth of the industry previously. One of the great contributing causes of the expansion at this time was the growth of the railroads which provided a means of transportation for the product of the mines or quarries, thus widening the market tremendously. The *Manufacturer and Builder*, however, complained bitterly about the "extortionary rates" charged by the carriers for this service, also the car shortage which was blamed,

probably with reason, for the loss of a \$12,000 order by one of the producers. (In the era in which it is our good fortune to live, we too often overlook our utter dependence upon the railroads of the country.)

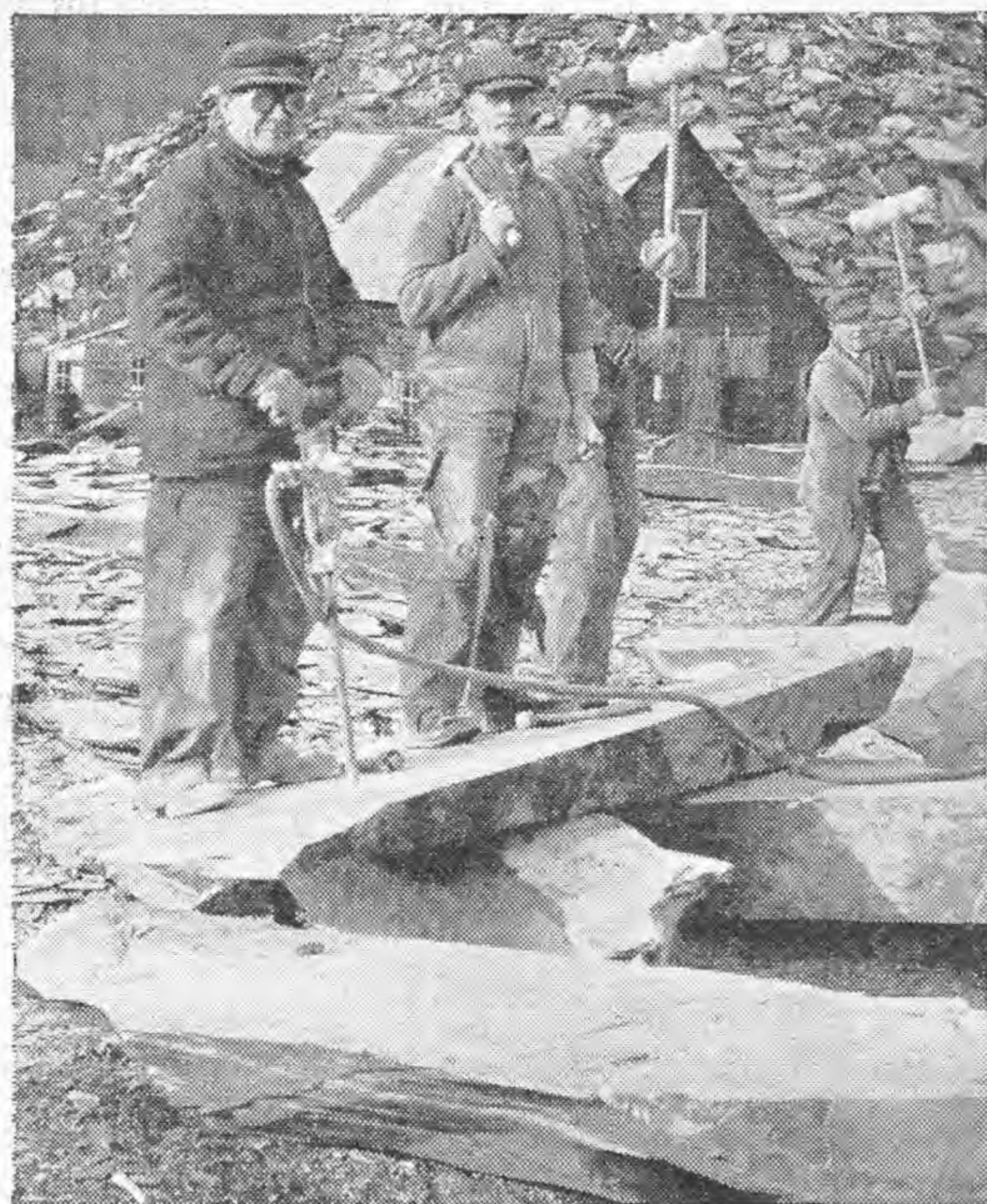
That there are large slate deposits in Wales, accounts for so many of the workers in our slate industry being of Welsh descent. In comparing workmen of 1869, the *Manufacturer and Builder* says, "The men employed in the slate region are chiefly Irish or Welsh * * *. In making slate by contract, at so much per square, the Irishman works up the stock closely and consequently realizes a little less money in the same time; the Welshman, with his eye on the main chance, wastes a great deal of stock in order to make a large number of squares in as short a time as possible."

The square is the unit of measure for roofing slate. It is the amount needed to cover 100 square feet of surface, with due allowance for the overlapping of the slate.

Slate quarries generally give the impression of being narrow and very deep. This is because the layers dip at angles of from 15° to 60°, the aver-



The Layers Dip at Angles of 15 to 60 Degrees



Drilling and Breaking into Blocks



Splitting Blocks by Hand

age being about 45° . In some localities the beds are practically vertical. For this reason it is only necessary to "strip" or clear the top soil from a small area before sinking a shaft. Thus the quarry becomes a mine. In the Vermont area more stripping is required than is necessary in the Pennsylvania region where the strata are more nearly vertical.

During the formative period of the earth's history, certain areas were subjected to intense heat and tremendous pressure which resulted in

the crumpling and folding of the crust to form these more or less vertical deposits. The degree of pressure which was applied during this period apparently determined whether the result would be slate or merely shale rock, if the pressure was insufficient to form slate. The mineral composition determined whether the slate was to be black, blue-black, gray, blue-gray, purple, mottled purple and green, green, or red.

In the mines or quarries hand-, air-, or steam-driven drills and blasting are resorted to in



Power Saw Cutting Slate

The Delaware and Hudson Company Bulletin

loosening great blocks of stone which are then hoisted out by means of cableways and transported to the great saws, shears and other finishing machines which may be in mills at some distance but are more generally in nearby shanties. Roofing slates are made by splitting off thin slabs by means of a wooden mallet and flexible chisel. These slabs are next trimmed to size in a shearing machine and punched for nailing in place. They are then ready to be stacked, on edge, ready for shipment.

Another form of roofing slate is also produced in this region in the form of slate granules. These are coarsely ground particles of slate

largest of which are on our lines. A substantial market has also been developed using waste material from the granule process. This ground slate or slate flour is used for filler in automobile tires, paints, linoleums, plastic cements, etc.

In the manufacture of slate granules the quarrying operation is quite different from that previously described. By exploding a series of charges of blasting powder several hundred tons of rock are broken down and fall to the floor of the quarry. Great shovels scoop up the slate, dirt and all, and it is carried by conveyors of various sorts to a series of primary crushers which reduce it to about the size of coarse trap



Finished Roofing Slate En route to Cars

which, when embedded in asphalt make a very attractive and fire resisting roof.

The slate granule business was started about twenty years ago. At that time a small plant was constructed near Whitehall for crushing red slate for its pigment value only. This operation was later transferred to the Vermont district where it developed rapidly. The finished product met with the favor of jobbers, contractors, and the public to such an extent that crushing operations were started on red, green, blue-black and buff colored rocks. Today there are thirty-two granule plants in the United States, the

rock, or so it passes through a screen of one- or two-inch mesh. The mass is then conveyed to the finishing mills where it is ground still further and passed over more screens and through air separators which remove dust and foreign matter.

From the storage bins the finished product, in bulk, like so much grain, is loaded over automatic scales into cars for shipment to all parts of this country and abroad.

The slate from the quarries in the vicinity of Fairhaven is somewhat softer than that to the

(Turn to page 382)

I, Your Father

A Story of Santa Claus and Strange Happenings on the Night Before Christmas

(Reprinted by special permission of C. C. Ronalds, Montreal)

THEY sat down almost at the same moment—the Christmas tree was finished at last. Suddenly it seemed very quiet. Father looked at mother, mother looked at father—both smiling relief.

A clock in the hall began to strike in faint musical tones that seemed to accentuate the quietude—twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve!

"I'm so tired," said mother.

"I'm tired, too," replied father. "It's been a long day. Shall we go to bed?"

"Yes, let's go to bed. I'm sure he's asleep now. If we go upstairs quietly you can slip the things into his stocking."

"Daddy! Daddy!"

At the sound of the shrill, childish voice the man frowned, "Drat that kid!" he exclaimed, "he's still awake!"

Mother smiled, "He's so excited, you know. Christmas means so much to him."

"Daddy!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Aren't you coming to bed? It's twelve o'clock, and Santy won't come if you stay up."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming."

Then, lowering his voice: "You go to bed, mother, you're tired. I'll stay up for ten minutes or so till he's dropped off."

In a few minutes father was sitting alone with the Christmas tree. The house was very quiet. He found himself nodding. "Mustn't go to sleep!" he thought. "Mustn't go to sleep!"

With an effort he kept his eyes open—kept them fixed on a little figure of Santa Claus standing on the tree.

Now wonderful things happen on Christmas Eve. As he looked at Santa Claus he saw the figure move. He rubbed his eyes. The figure stopped moving. Presently it began to move again—yes, it was no illusion! He sat spellbound.

Slowly the little figure descended from the tree—slowly it grew bigger and bigger. Presently it was the size of a full-grown man standing there beside the tree.

Santa Claus looked at the tree, looked at the

presents grouped beneath the tree, then slowly turned and looked at him.

Then something else happened. It startled him. Beneath the red clothes, behind the snowy whiskers, he recognized himself!

Santa Claus jerked a thumb to indicate upstairs, winked at him and beckoned him to follow.

He got up and followed him out of the room, upstairs, into his son's bedroom. He saw the little gifts he intended for the boy's stocking in Santa's hands. He saw them being put into the stocking.

Then Santa went up to the head of the bed and looked down at the boy. The little chap was sleeping, one hand crumpled under his cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on his forehead. Father became aware that Santa was speaking softly. He listened intently, and this is what he heard him say:

"Listen, son; I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few moments ago, after your mother had gone to bed, I felt ashamed of myself for being cross with you on Christmas Eve. I remember, too, that I scolded you as you were dressing this morning because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

"At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread the butter too thickly on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my automobile, you turned and waved a little hand and called 'Good-bye, Daddy!' and I frowned, and said in reply: 'Hold you shoulders back.'

"Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road you sped past me on your sleigh. I called you to me. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid, silly reasoning.

"Do you remember later, when I was reading in the den, how you came in softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper, impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. 'What is it you want?' I snapped.

"You said nothing but ran across the room in one tempestuous plunge and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again,

and your little arms tightened with an affection that God has set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

"Suddenly, as I looked at the Christmas tree downstairs, after your mother had gone to bed, I saw myself as I really was, in all my selfishness and I felt sick at heart.

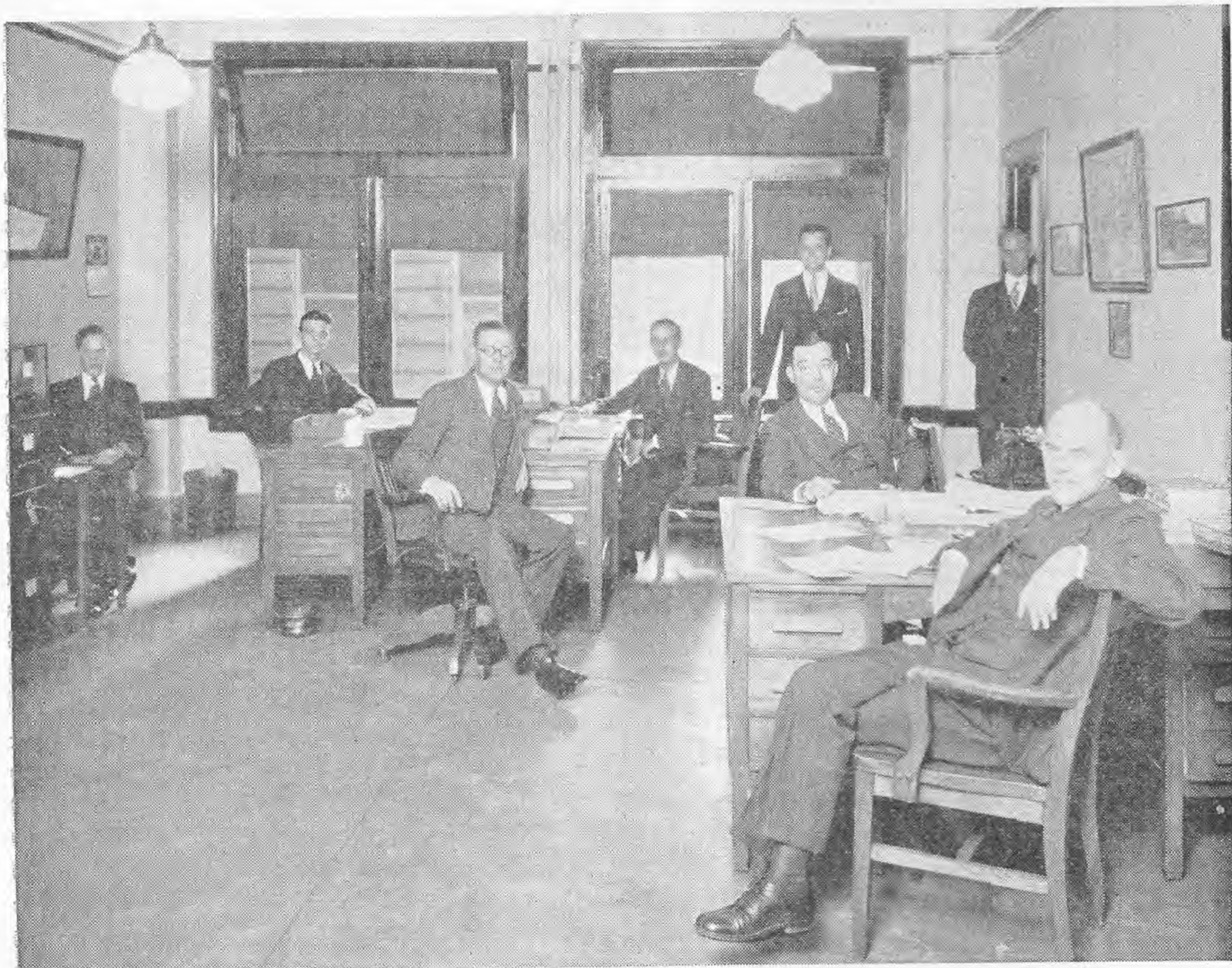
(Turn to page 381)

Glimpses of Our Off-Line Offices

II. Philadelphia

GENERAL Southern Freight Agent W. H. CHASE and his staff from the office, 1109-1110 Finance Building, Philadelphia, extend the Season's Greetings to their friends of The Delaware and Hudson Family. They are doing their part in helping to provide the tonnage that keeps us all busy.

From left to right (seated), we have CLYDE SCHUCK, Stenographer; W. H. HARTMAN, Chief Clerk; ERNEST COLES, Traveling Freight Agent; EDWIN KITE, Soliciting Freight Agent; A. A. GALLIGHER, Traveling Freight Agent; H. F. MACREYNOLDS, Traveling Freight Agent; (standing) J. J. KAELIN, Soliciting Freight Agent, and MR. CHASE.



Black Diamonds

Railroad Men Learn About Modern Methods of Mining and Preparing Anthracite for the Market As Accomplished by the Hudson Coal Company

THE Delaware and Hudson Railroad Club, Pennsylvania Division, at its November meeting, held in Carbondale, was entertained through the courtesy of the Hudson Coal Company with motion pictures of that company's operations in which every detail connected with the mining of coal and its preparation was shown.

During the course of the picture, T. V. Gilhool, of the Sales Department, explained the mammoth operations and the various phases of the work. Even to those who have lived in the anthracite valley all their lives, the pictures brought out facts which were new.

The film outlined the story of the development of hard coal from its origin to the present time. It also brought out that the Hudson Coal Company operates 21 mines and eleven breakers, producing approximately 12 per cent of all the anthracite mined. It employs 20,000 men, three-fourths of whom normally work underground. There are 257 electric locomotives and 1,100 mules in use; also an underground railroad with 650 miles of track. On this enormous system 45,000 tons of material from 5,000 miners' chambers are moved each day.

A very interesting side of this picture related to drainage and ventilation. Seeping water is lifted to the surface by pumps which, during the course of a year, handle from 80,000,000 to \$90,000,000 tons, or approximately ten tons for each ton of anthracite mined. These pumps are capable of handling more water than is necessary for supplying eight cities the size of Albany or Schenectady.

In connection with ventilation, Mr. Gilhool explained that each man and animal working underground must be provided with at least 200 cubic feet of air per minute according to the state mine law. It therefore requires 5,000,000 cubic feet of air per minute to ventilate the company's operations, or nine tons of air per ton of anthracite mined.

The film illustrated the up-to-date method used in preparing anthracite in the modern breaker before it is shipped to dealers. It was also noted that a modern breaker costs approximately \$2,500,000.

Because of the efficiency with which the mines are operated one hour of labor in several other

industries will purchase today as high as 40 per cent more anthracite than it would in the year 1914, that is, anthracite is, relatively, 40 per cent cheaper than in 1914.

In the course of the business meeting of the club, nomination of officers for the ensuing year took place as follows: PRESIDENT, J. W. HOWARD, Divisional Car Foreman; VICE-PRESIDENT, H. L. SYMONS, Road Foreman of Engines; SECRETARY, J. T. PHILBIN, Chief Clerk, Maintenance of Way; FINANCIAL SECRETARY, W. F. REIDY, Chief Clerk, Accounting Department; TREASURER, J. J. BRENNAN, Master Mechanic; EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE, C. A. MORGAN, Superintendent; M. F. CLUNE, Assistant Superintendent; and M. J. McDONOUGH, Division Engineer.

Everything Gone!

DR. JOHN WATSON used to tell a story of a Liverpool merchant who, through no fault of his own, failed in business and came down with a crash from prosperity to poverty. When Dr. Watson called to offer sympathy and assistance, he found his friend in the depths of despair.

"Everything has gone!" he moaned. "I have lost everything."

"That's bad," said Dr. Watson, "so you've lost your reputation."

"No; thank God," said the man rather indignantly, "my name and reputation are unsullied."

"Then your wife has left you," suggested Dr. Watson.

"My wife," cried his friend, his eyes blazing with anger, "my wife is an angel—loyal and kind and true."

"I see," said Dr. Watson, "then your children have turned their backs on you."

"I never seemed to know my children," said the man, "until this happened. They have been so brave and tender and sympathetic."

"My dear old chap," said Dr. Watson, "you told me you had lost everything. Why, you've lost nothing except a paltry bag of gold. Love, loyalty, comradeship—all the really important things—are yours still. Cheer up, and don't be an idiot."—*Copper's Weekly*.

The

Delaware and Hudson Company BULLETIN

Office of Publication:
DELAWARE AND HUDSON BUILDING,
ALBANY, N. Y.

PUBLISHED semi-monthly by The Delaware and Hudson Company, for the information of the men who operate the railroad, in the belief that mutual understanding of the problems we all have to meet will help us to solve them for our mutual welfare.

Permission is given to reprint, with credit, in part or in full, any article appearing in THE BULLETIN.

Vol. 9 December 15, 1929 No. 24

Is There a Santa Claus?

One of the finest things ever written about Christmas is the following editorial printed some years ago by "The Sun," in answer to the earnest appeal of a little New York girl to be told whether Santa really exists. Its author, Frank P. Church, was an accomplished journalist, and wrote much on many subjects, but his fame will rest chiefly on this beautiful setting forth of an eternal truth. With Dr. Clement Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas," it is one of the great classics of the Christmas season.

WE take pleasure in answering at once, and thus prominently, the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of *The Sun*.

Dear Editor—

I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says "If you see it in 'The Sun' it's so!"

Please tell me the truth. Is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANLON.

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured

by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen or unseeable in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernatural beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus? Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word in all the affairs of life.—*Ramsay MacDonald.*

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.—*Longfellow.*

Albany Bowlers Hold Smoker

SOMETHING new in the line of social events was introduced in Delaware and Hudson circles Saturday evening, November 17, at the Knickerbocker Inn, Albany-Schenectady Road, when the members of the Albany Delaware and Hudson Athletic Association's Bowling League enjoyed what might aptly have been termed a "self service smoker." While the Association has held smokers before, this year instead of serving luncheon at the tables, one table was converted into a "counter" and the "cafeteria style" of service was adopted.

A plenteous supply of sauerkraut, frankfurters, potatoes, buttered bread, and delicacies was on hand for the asking. After receiving their "orders", the men found places at the numerous tables which lined the dance floor. While the lunches were being disposed of, the members were entertained by the Wagner Troubadors, a three piece orchestra. Several pleasing xylophone and accordion solos were presented by one of the players.

Luncheon over, the party was entertained by two groups of dancers who presented a splendid program of fancy dancing, toe dancing, specialty numbers, and vocal solos. During a short intermission F. L. HANLON, Supervisor of Wage and Working Agreements and President of the Association, was called upon to speak. He expressed his pleasure at being present, wishing the bowling league as well as the team representing the association in the Albany City League, unlimited success. E. J. KEOUGH, president of the bowling league, welcomed the members and wished them an enjoyable time. Following the second half of the entertainment, dancing and card games were enjoyed until an early hour.

I, Your Father

(Continued from page 378)

"What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding fault, of reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. I was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years. And here was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you, son. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your impulse to rush in and kiss me good-night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, ashamed—I, your Santa!

"What feeble substitutes toys are for a real father! But tomorrow, I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying, as if it were a ritual, 'Here is nothing but a boy—a little boy!'

"I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet, as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much.

"Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the little fingers and damp forehead. I wish you a Happy Christmas; a happy childhood—I, your Father!"

* * *

"Daddy!" It was not the boy now; it was the mother, standing at the head of the stairs and calling in a whisper, "Daddy!"

"Yes, yes!"

"Aren't you coming to bed? He's asleep now!"

Father got up, rubbing his eyes. "Bless me!" he murmured to himself, "I must have been nodding."

"Yes, yes, I'm coming," he answered in a stage whisper.

And Santy in the flesh went upstairs to slip into the child's stocking the things he had seen the phantom Santy place there—and to think the thoughts he had heard the phantom Santy utter.

What Is a Home?

WHAT is a home?"

This question was asked recently by a London newspaper and, out of eight hundred answers received, the following half-dozen were chosen as the best:

"Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in."

"Home—A place where the small are great, and the great are small."

"Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world and the child's paradise."

"Home—The place where we grumbled the most and are treated the best."

"Home—The center of our affection, around which our heart's best wishes twine."

"Home—The place where our stomachs get three square meals a day and our hearts a thousand."

Choose whichever definition for a home you like best, and then be faithful to your home, for it is one of the finest things you will ever have in this world.

Thank You!

THE response to our request for back numbers of *The Bulletin*, which appeared in the issue of November 15th, has met with such a generous response that it would be impossible to personally thank all who hastened to assist us. Your cooperation is greatly appreciated and we take this means of thanking all who sent in *Bulletins*.

If any of our readers lack certain issues to make their files complete, we, in our turn, may be able to assist you if you will write to the Supervisor of Publications, Delaware and Hudson Company, Albany, N. Y.

The Sheltering Stone

(Continued from page 376)

westward and, for this reason, it is much more easily worked in the mills. It is at Fairhaven that the "marbleizing" of slate is chiefly carried on at the present time, very beautiful specimens of work being turned out.

In addition to serving as a roof covering slate is coming into quite general use as a flooring material. Its uses in electrical switchboards, blackboards, pool-tables, and laundry tubs, are familiar to all.

(We wish to thank the National Slate Association and its members who so kindly assisted in obtaining the photographs and this story of the development of the slate industry along our lines.—*Editor*.)

Look Out For Him!

DO you sign his contract without reading it? Do you pay him money?

Nine out of ten persons sign contracts without reading them and regret it afterwards. When trouble comes they ask, "What did I sign?" The time to find out is *before* you sign—not *after* you suffer for your carelessness.

Be careful when salesmen offer you the following:

Magazines—Bareheaded college boys with sob stories to play upon your sympathy often talk you into signing a magazine contract. Read the contract and know what you are signing. The majority of such salesmen are not "college boys earning their way through school." Make them show credentials.

Suit Clubs—These are usually lotteries and many persons have paid in money week after week toward a suit until the promoters suddenly left town leaving them minus both money and suit.

Encyclopedias—The promise of a set of books "free" means there is a nigger in the woodpile. Look out for the "catch."

Picture Enlargements—Be sure you know whether or not you will be required to buy a frame with the picture.

Free Lots—They are not as free as they seem. Investigate first.

Something for Nothing—Be suspicious of all free offers. The philanthropic company belongs in the "rare bird" species.

Two good slogans to remember are, "Before you Invest, Investigate," and "Read Before You Sign."—*The Safeguard*.

Birthstones

IF you were born in January, the garnet is your birthstone, and constancy and fidelity are your special traits.

If February is your birth month, you should wear the amethyst, and you will be known because of your sincerity.

March has for its birthstone, the bloodstone or aquamarine, and courage and truthfulness mark the person who is born within its windy days.

The diamond, in its clear beauty, is the birthstone of the April-born, and innocence is their birthright.

The emerald and happiness belong to the persons born in May.

For the June-born, the pearl or moonstone is appropriate, and they inherit health and long life.

July presents as its jewel, the ruby, and as its gift of gifts, a contented mind.

The August-born should wear the sardonyx or peridot, and they are known by their felicity.

In beauty of stone, none is more radiant than the sapphire, the birthstone of the September-born. To them, comes wisdom.

If the October-born would have luck, they should wear the opal or tourmaline. Theirs is the inheritance of hope.

The November-born have for their stone, the topaz and for their trait, fidelity.

The turquoise or lapis lazuli should be worn by all born in December, so that prosperity and success shall mark their days.

"What do you do to get such white hands?"
"Nothing!"

Clicks from the Rails

"Uncle Bud" Smith

J. M. (Uncle Bud) Smith of Clarendon, Ark., has issued a challenge to every railroad man in America to equal his 47 years of service with one 50-mile road. While in a mood for statistics "Uncle Bud" recently figured he had run his engine more than 167,000 miles over the 50-mile line from Helena to Clarendon. He began his employment with the road as a fireman at the age of 21 and three years later was made engineman. He has worked a total of 17,250 days for the road. He estimates he has used enough steam in blowing the whistle to carry the train once around the world. The road was known as the Arkansas Central when he began working for it. Later it was changed to the Arkansas Midland, and is now a part of the Missouri Pacific.

* * *

A Narrow Escape

Bobby Dale Butts, 3-year old son of Engineer W. T. Butts, has found to his sorrow that the drive shaft of a motor truck is no place to enjoy a motor ride. He and his mother were calling at the residence of friends and, unnoticed by his mother, the lad crawled under the truck which was parked in front of the house, and onto the drive shaft. As he started away the driver heard the child's screams. He stopped immediately and found Bobby still clinging to the drive shaft. In a few seconds he would have been beaten to death, and was so severely bruised he could not wear clothing for a few days after. However, he suffered no really serious injuries.

* * *

Cool Summer Coach

Recent press dispatches from Paris state that a dirtless, heatless coach for traveling in hot weather has been given a trial run on a French railroad. It is understood that it is built on somewhat the plan of an American refrigerator car. The newspapermen, engineers, and officials who took the ride were enthusiastic and it was said that de luxe trains equipped with the cooling device will become a regular feature of the service between Paris and Southern France.

A Busy Railroad

Forty feet below the stores in Chicago there exists a very extensive system of freight tunnels, which handles a great volume of merchandise between railroad terminals, docks, and commercial houses—thus relieving the streets in the Loop District of 5,000 motor truck movements per day.

The Chicago Tunnel Terminal Corporation, which operates this little known subway, operates 62 miles of tunnels, 6 feet x 7½ feet, equipped with two-foot gage tracks. The rolling stock consists of 3,300 cars of 4-ton capacity, and 150 electric locomotives. During every 24 hours, about 300 trains of from 10 to 15 cars each are run.

An odd by-product of this system is the use of the air contained in these tunnels. Forty feet below the street, the temperature remains practically constant at 55 degrees throughout the year.

The cool, pure, dry air is drawn up through the shafts and used to ventilate and cool many buildings and theatres in the Loop District.

* * *

Pullman Adopts Group Insurance

The Pullman Company has entered into an agreement with the Prudential Insurance Company of America, whereby approximately 30,000 of its employees are protected under a group life insurance plan. In addition to life protection, the policy provides benefits in the event of injury or sickness. All premiums for the month of September were paid by the Pullman Company. Thereafter the employees themselves will pay part of the premiums.

* * *

Well Prepared

Dr. Charles Edward Skinner, an official of the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., tells of a former chief engineer of his company who always carried a jimmy and a bunch of loaf sugar in his grip. The jimmy was used for raising the window in the sleeping car and the loaf of sugar he put under the sash, so that if it rained at night the sugar would melt and the window would come down.

Serious Accident Averted

A large bus, carrying 23 passengers, was recently saved by the prompt thinking and action of a restaurant man and three Boston and Albany employes. Just ten minutes before the Boston section of the Twentieth Century Limited was due to race through West Warren, Mass., a bus crashed through a guard rail, down an embankment, and turned turtle on the B. & A. mains.

The restaurant man saw the mishap, called the operator who placed his distant signals in stop position, phoned the agent, who, with his assistant, flagged the Limited. Had the Century been allowed to proceed unflagged, it would have undoubtedly plowed through the wreckage, killing a large number of people.

* * *

Flowers for Stations

To keep Swedish railway stations cheery, the State lines maintain a flower garden and hothouse outside Stockholm.

Last spring about 50,000 potted plants and 100,000 perennials were distributed to the stations of the Stockholm district alone, and the big Central Station in Stockholm gets not only huge potted laurel trees for the summer, but fresh cut flowers every day.

In the country practically every station has its own flower beds, cared for by the personnel between trains. Like the spotless buffets or restaurants inside, they add considerably to the joy of travel. Such refinements the Swedes call "trafik kultur."—*Erie Magazine*.

* * *

Three Record Holders

Three men employed by the Southern are looking for some competition in the field of "endurance" records. Tom More, engineman, estimates that he has run the equivalent of 80 times around the earth; Arthur Cox, conductor, says he has punched a carload of tickets; and John Mann, fireman, insists that he has shoveled enough coal to burn Rome over again. Any competition for them on the D. & H.?

Christmas Everywhere

EVERYWHERE, everywhere, Christmas
tonight !

Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and
pine,

Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn
and white,

Christmas where cornfields stand sunny
and bright.

Christmas where Children are hopeful and
gay,

Christmas where old men are patient and
gray,

Christmas where peace, like a dove in his
flight,

Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the
fight;

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-
night !

For the Christ-child who comes is the
Master of all ;

No palace too great, no cottage too small.

— *Phillips Brooks.*